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JOURNAL OF ELIAS CORNELIUS, M. D.,

Surgeon's Mate in the American Revolutionary Army,

WHILE A PRISONER TO THE BRITISH IN THE PROVOST JAIL, NEW
YORK, 1777 AND 1778.

AUG. 22, 1777.—This morning I marched down to East Chester with the main body of our troops in that division Viz. Gen Varnum's Brigade of Continental troops & Gen Ward's of Connecticut Militia where we went and surprized one of the Enemies Piquets and took two officers and some privates with some ~~some~~ ^{some} & Negroes. After that I went with our two guides and Dr Yunion of the General Hospital, and seized some stores that was within the Enemies Lines and kept for their use. After that (which was about two o'clock P. M.) the Gen thought proper to send out Piquet Guards. Capt Y Alden of Col Samuel B. Webb's Regiment, was detached, with about fifty men to command the advanced Piquet on the left, near West Chester. Capt David Dexter of Israel Angell's Regiment was detached with the same number of men to command the advanced Guards on the right at Miles Square. I, wishing to be where most was to be done, rode down with Capt Dexter. He stopped at Wiles Square; but seeing a body of men at a distance on the right towards North River, not knowing who they were I sat out with a determination to find out. I had gone but half way when I met Col Dammond.

After some conversation we concluded to ride to the Enemies advanced Post, and see what discoveries we could make. After riding in sight of Fort Independence, we returned unmolested to Col Dammond's Regiment. While we were riding we heard cannonading and firing of small arms, which we supposed to be the enemy attacking our advanced Guards on the left; here I left Col Dammond and returned to Capt Dexter's Piquet and there tarried some minutes, after which set out for Head Quarters, where I had left the Gen and main bodys of the troops at East Chester. It had

become late in the afternoon, but I thought myself safe, as I had been six miles nearer the enemy than I was at that time. I had now four miles to ride before I came to Capt Dexter's Piquet. Before I come to East Chester it took up some time; I however arrived there in an hour and a half. To my great surprise I found that our troops had left the place and retired back and the Enemies scouting parties were in the town. (At this time Capt Alden on the left was killed and his Piquets chiefly killed or taken.) On riding into town, while passing a corner, four of the Enemy started from behind a shed, one of whom seized my horse, another seized me by my coat & legs asked me where I belonged, to which I answered to the Army of the United States of America and to Gen Varnum's Brigade of Continental troops, and then I asked where Gen Varnum was: one of them (John Anderson a noted Tory) said "I am he," I answered, it is false. By this time they had me to the ground during which time, one of them seized one of my pistols, the other I took and presented at the breast of the leader and bid him surrender, he immediately took the one he had taken from me, and presenting it asked me if I would surrender, to which I answered, No, he immediately ordered the others to make ready their peices and advance, then turning to me, he said if I "did not at once surrender he would order his men to blow a Brace of Pistols through me" I immediately surrendered. They at once began robbing me of everything I had. Viz Horse & Harness, Pair of Pistols, Great Coat, pair of Shoe Buckles, pocket-book with notes &c to the amount of 25 or 30 £; besides some money, and sundry other articles. I was then put under guard and proceeded to West Chestsr; we had gone but half a mile when we met one of the Seargents of Capt Alden's party, making his escape from the enemy to our guards. Here the leader of the guard that had taken me seised him and drove him with me to a place 3 miles below West Chester to a Mr Hunt's an old tavern keeper. This man abused me more than any other, while I was a prisoner here I with my companion was kept till the next morning. The officers that our party had taken of the enemy, (the same morning I was taken) were allowed to walk the streets and were not put under guard, and had their Parole immediately. Where, as I and my companion were put in close confinement, with 13 sentinals, who would not allow us to speak.

AUGUST 23rd—This morning as I and my companion were conveyed to Kings Bridge we met Mr Delaney a Tory Col, who inquired of our leader “where he got those scoundrels?” to which he replied that they were some of Washington’s army. We had gone but little farther, when we met a man who told us that he saw Capt Alden dead, the day before and that he helped to bury him. When we arrived at Kings Bridge I was put under the Provost Guard where to, my sorrow, I found a man by the name of Prichard, who was one of Capt Alden’s Piquet and belonged to the State Guards of Connecticut. He had his Commission with him which was taken and never returned. Besides myself and the man just mentioned, there were several others who were under guard with us; one Sargent of the State Guards, a Corporal of Col Webbs Regiment, one of the Light-Horse, and 8 Privates, in all 13.

We were kept, in this place sometime under the Hessian Guards. I applied for the things of which I was robbed, my pocket-book & buckles were returned. I then made application for things, which belonged to other prisoners, (on their behalf.) Some of them had part of their things returned, others nothing. At eleven O’clock a Surgeon of the British Army came to me, and inquired for news papers. I told him I had none, he then gave me a New York paper, and said that I should have my parole as soon as I reached New York. The only provision we had as yet received since we arrived here was some mouldy bread, a pint of rum put into a bucket of water, once in a while the Hessian that Guarded us would bring some sour apples in his hat and throw them down among us as he would among so many pigs. The guards being relieved we were marched for New York. Just before we reached there we were taken to the Quarters of a Hessian General for a show. Here the Hessians flocked around us, mocking us, sometimes drawing their swords across our throats, and saying that we were to be hung here. A mate of the Hessian Surgeon seeing me much fatigued gave me a glass of wine which refreshed me much. Here our present guards were relieved by other Hessians; we were marched for Harlem here we were brought before Gen. Piquet, a Brigadier General in the British Service; we staid here a few minutes, we were then put under an English Guard, who treated us better than we had been before; under this guard we went to New York. It being very warm weather, and

the Guards changing often, we were marched so fast, that some of us were ready to faint. But we were not allowed to stop even to get a drink of water till we came to within four miles of New York, when a poor woman seeing our condition, came out and entreated our guards to stop that she might give us some water; the guard consented and the good woman (as I may call her, for I beleive she was the means of saving the life of one of our men who was just sinking with the heat) ran into the house and brought us several pails of beer and three or four loaves of bread and two or three pounds of Cheese, and to some of us she gave some money; the name of this woman was Clemons, a native of Boston, and she was about 30 years of age. She kept a small shop at the right-hand side of the road near Kings bridge. We marched till we come to the Bowery, within $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile of New York; being very thirsty I prevailed upon the guard to stop, that we might again refresh ourselves. We asked some negroes if they would give us some water, to which they replied "No" Domd you, you rebels, that we cant give you none, we are some of Donmons Men," we were forced to go on without our desired refreshments.

As we come into the town the Hesians, Negroes, and children insulted, stoned and abused us in every way they could think of. At that time two of our men had become so fatigued that we were obliged to carry them. In this way we were led through half the streets, as a show. At last we were brought before Gen Jones who ordered us to the Sugar House which formerly went by the name of Livingston's Sugar House which was the Prison the private Soldiers were kept in. Here one Walley a Seargent of the 20th Regt. of Irish troops in the British Service, had the charge of the prisoners. This man was the most barbarous, cruel man that ever I saw he drove us into the Sugar house yard like so many hogs, from there he ordered us into the Sugar House which was the dirtiest and most disagreeable place that I ever saw and the water in the pump was not better than that in the Dock. The top of the House was open to the weather, so that when it rained the water ran along and through every floor and on that account it was impossible for us to keep dry. Mr Walley gave us (13 of us) 4 pounds of poor Irish Pork and 4 pounds of mouldy bread for 4 days. After passing one night I asked Mr Walley if I was not to have my parole to which he answered No. I then asked for a pen

and ink that I might write a petition to the Gen for it, he answered no, and was very cross and abused me very much. I again asked him the reason why I was not to have my parole, he told me I was not to have it. I then asked him if he would let me have a pen and ink to write a few lines to my father which he might see before I sent them. He then struck me across the face with a staff which I have seen him beat the prisoners; he told me he would find a place for me. The next morning he came and took me out of prison under guard with one Capt Bissel (whom he had taken from the main Guard) and conveyed us to the Provost Guard. Capt Bissel was put in the upper part of the prison. I was then taken down to a Dungeon; when the door was opened "here" says Sergeant Keith (the Provost marshal) here's a Doctor for you, you Damb rebbel." When I went in I found Capt Chatham formally Capt of a Privateer, and belonged to Pensylvania, and was taken prisoner and put in this dungeon, because after he was taken captive, he was ordered to pilot their ship up the Delaware, which he refused. There was also in this place a Capt Travis, of Virginia, & Capt of a Sloop of War, & John McCaselden a Quarter Master in the Continental Army, and belonged to the first Battallion of New Jersey, and was accused of being a deserter Six or Seven years before the present war begun. He was condemned to be hung, but did not know which; he had been there between five and six months; There were also in this dismal place besides these mentioned, nine thieves murderers &c. While in this place Capt Chatham was taken sick with nervous fever, I solicited Seargent Keith to permit him to go up stairs, But he answered in the negative. I then requested him to suffer me to send for some Medicine or I believe he must die, to which he replied he might die; and if he did he would bury him. All the provision each man had for a week was but, two pounds of Meat and two pounds of bread, always one and sometimes both was not fit to eat, and those who had money were not able to send to purchase any of the necessaries of life. At this time I had not one farthing of money just being robbed of all, and also of my clothing except what I had on. I had no change of linen from the 25th of August till the 12th of September. At this time I solicited Sargent Keith to permit me to send to my father on Long Island and see if he would send me some money and clothing which I was much in need of.

(My father was one of their beloved friends and lived among them) But he as before positively answered in the negative, and said that no paper or written message should be sent out of the dungeon. About this time I was feeling resigned to suffer all the punishment that they were desirous of inflicting upon me. Remembering that many of my dear country men had previously suffered greater punishment than mine; and that many of them died and bled in their countrys cause, and defence. Previously contemplating and Meditating that the cause we were contending for, was a just cause, and a cause that all mankind ought to be interested in. Having meditated on all these things, I thought myself in duty bound, to suffer with patience & fortitude, with my fellow prisoners in my country's cause. In this hidious place I was kept till the twentieth of September following; when Seargent Keith (the Provost Martial) came to the dungeon and took Capt Chatham, and Travis, and myself, and led us to the upper part of the Prison, where I found my friends that were also prisoners, Viz, Ethan Allen, Major Williams, Paine & Wells and others. Allen was made prisoner near Montreal, in the beginning of the war. He was put on board a man of war, and kept chained flat on his back in the hole six months. He also told me he had twice been carried on shore in England to be hung, but was reprieved. He was likewise taken on shore in Ireland and at Halifax for the same purpose. After this he was brought to New York, where for a short time he had his parole, it was taken from him, and he put in the provost jail, as there was an antipathy against him. I left him in this goal on Jan 7, 1778. Major Williams, belonged at Maryland and was taken prisoner at Fort Washington. Major Paine belonged at Connecticut. (While I was in this place, we were not allowed to speak to any friend, not even out of the window, I have frequently seen women beaten with canes and ram-rods who have come to the Prison windows to speak to their Husbands, Sons or Brothers, and officers taken and put in the dungeon just for asking for cold water. Our provision was the same as in the dungeon with the exception of dried Peas, we however had no fire to cook them. Soon Fort Montgomery was taken by Gen Clinton (British) and all the officers were brought and put in two small rooms on the lower floor of the prison. Several of them were badly wounded but no Surgeon was allowed to dress them. I asked Sargent Keith

for the privilege, he first told me I should, but on asking him the second time, I was refused, and assured if I said any more about it he would put me with them and there keep me. All of us in the upper prison were sometimes allowed to go on top of the house, I took this opportunity of throwing some ointment and Lint down the chimney to the wounded in the lower rooms, with directions how to use it, I knew only one of them Lt. Col Livingston. About this time there was a report about town that Burgoyne and his army were made prisoners, by the army under command of the Hon Major Gen Gates; it was however soon contradicted in their newspapers, it was set forth in the following manner "Last Thursday the rebels came to Elizabeth-town Point, to enlist recruits for the rebel service, and in order to deceive raised a false report, fired cannon, made fires, and gave away rum without measure, and said that Gen Burgoyne and his whole army were taken prisoners. But notwithstanding all their efforts they could not get a single man. And the account of Gen Burgoyne being taken prisoner is to ridiculous to be beleived." This pased in some of the papers and there was nothing said for ten or fourteen days, but the women that pased by made motions assuring us that we might depend upon it, that he was surely taken prisoner. About this time Col Livingston had a letter sent into him from his father By a British Officer who was coming into New York on Parole, and was brought to the Commander of the city, who being in haste ordered his Secretary to write his permission to the letter and direct it to Mr Livingston a Rebel Col, in the Provost jail, therefore it was brought to him. Soon we heard holloeing, and other expressions of joy by him and others in the same room, but could not tell what was the matter. After he had read the letter over and over again he put it up to us through the crack in the floor, and we at once knew the cause of their joy, and the whole prison was filled with joy inexpressible! The truth of what we heard was at this time confirmed. The next thing we saw was (in the papers) Gen Burgoyne's capitulation with Gen Gates. From this time till I left the prison we were better treated, although the provision was bad. But drew rather larger quantities of it. Some Butter, and about a gill of rice a week, and some cole which we never drew before. About this time my father came from Long Island to the prison to see me. I was called down to the grates. My heart at

first was troubled within me, I burst into tears and did not speak for some minutes. I put my hand through the grates and took my fathers, and held it fast. The poor old gentleman shed many tears and seemed quite troubled to see me in so woeful a place. He asked me how I did I told him poorly but as well as could be expected in such a hideous place, I then asked after the health of Mother Brother & Sisters, he told me they were well. I was filled with joy at hearing this as it was the first time I had heard from them since I entered the service. He asked me "what I thought of myself now and why I could not have been ruled by him, he said he had forewarned me of the cost, and that I had been led away by a bad man (Dr Latham and that Washington's whole crew would soon be in the same situation" and says he, "did not you never see his excellency's proclamation, where in was set forth a free grace and pardon to all who would come in voluntarily" (Meaning Sir Wm Hows Proclamation) I told him I had seen it, says he "why then did you not come in then, voluntarily, and quit the rebels. I thought you would come in voluntarily without being brought in by force of arms" Says I, Father what made you think so, did not I tell you my mind before I left your house, and did not you know my disposition? Have not I been faithful in all the duties of a child, to a parent? But, Father you, and every other man must know that it was a very trying thing to me, to leave all my dear friends and turn myself out into the world naked, Does this seem to you, to show a rebellious disposition of temper and mind? When at that time I had not a relative or acquaintance in the Army, not a relative in the world but what were enemies to this once happy country. Believe me dear Father, I was not led away by any man as you supposed. But on the contrary I weighed the matter seriously before I came into the service, the more I meditated the more I was led to believe that the cause in which my countrymen were engaged was a just one, and loudly called for the assistance of every well wisher of his bleeding country. Such were the feelings when I left my tender father's family. Soon the provost Martial came and said he could not allow my father to stay longer, I therefore bade him farewell. Towards the latter part of December we had Continental bread and beef sent us and as much wood as we wished to burn, (a friend gave me some money which was very useful.)

JANUARY 9th 1778.—This day Mr Walley come and took from the prison myself and six others under guard and took us to the Sugar House where I was first imprisoned. At this time my health was bad, being trouble with the Scurvey, and my prospects for the winter were dark. This prison was much worse than when I left it before, from the fact that there were nearly thirty soldiers, who went around to the other prisoners and stole from them, the few comforts they had, and take the sick from their beds and take their bed clothing, and beat and kick them almost to death. The articles which they took from us they would carry to Mr Walley and sell them for rum.

JANUARY 13th.—This morning I being unwell went to the hospital, which was the brick Meeting House, here I staid until the 16th here I was not much better than I was in the Sugar House no medicine was given me, though I had a cough and fever, the Surgeon wished me as soon as I became better to take the care of the sick, provided he could get my parole.

JANUARY 16th.—On coming the next morning he said he could get it. I was now determined to make my escape, although hardly able to undertake it. Just at the dusk of the evening, before the lamps were lighted (having made the Sentinal intoxicated) I with others went out into the back yard to endeavor to make our escape over the fence, the others being backward about going first, I climbed upon a tomb stone and gave a spring and went over safely, and then gave orders for the others to do likewise. A little Irish lad undertook to leap over, and caught his clothes in the spikes in the wall, and made something of a noise. The sentinal being aroused called out (Rouse) which is the same as to command the Guards to turn out. They were soon out and surrounded the prison, in the meantime I had made my way to St. Paul's Church, which was the wrong way to get out of town. The guards expecting, I had gone towards North River, went in that direction. On arriving at the Church I turned into the street to go by the College and thus go out of town by the side of the river. Soon after I was out of town I heard the 8 o'clock gun; which was found on board the Commodors ship, and was a signal for the Sentinals to hail every man that came by. I wished much to cross the river but could not find any boat suitable. While going up the side of the river at 9 O'clock (P M) I was challenged by a

Sentinal with the usual word (Burdon) upon which I answered nothing, on being challenged the second time I answered Friend. He bade me advance and give the counter sign, upon which I fancied I was drunk and advancing in a staggering manner, and after falling to to the ground, he asked me where I was going, home I told him, but had got lost, and having been to New York, had taken rather too much liquor, and become somewhat intoxicated. He then asked my name which I told him was Marther Hopper (Mr Hopper lived not far distant) And solicited him to put me in the right road, but told me that I must not go till the Sargent of the Guards dismissed me from him, unless I could give him the counter sign. I still entreated him to let me go knowing the situation I was in. Soon, however, he consented and directed my course which I thanked him for. Soon the moon arose and made it very light, and there being snow on the ground, crusted over, and no wind, therefore a person walking, could be heard a great distance. At this time the tumor in my lungs broke, and being afraid to cough for fear of being heard, prevented me from relieving myself of the puss that was lodged there. I had now to cross lots that were cleared and covered with snow, the houses being thick on the road, which I was to cross, and for fear of being heard, I lay myself flat on my stomach and crept along on the frozen snow. When I come to the fence, I climbed over, and walked down the road, near a house where there were music and dancing. At this time one of the guards came out. I immediately fell down upon my face. Soon the man went into the house, I rose again and crossed the fence into the field and proceeded toward the river, there being no trees or rocks in the field to hinder my being seen, and not being able to walk without being heard as the snow crust was hard enough to permit my walking on it, and the dogs beginning to bark, I lay myself flat again and crept across the field, which took me half an hour. I at length reached the river and walked by the side of it some distance and saw a small creek which ran up into the island and by the side of it a small house, and two Sentinals one each side of it, not knowing what to do I crept into a hole in the bank which led in between two rocks, here I heard them talk. I concluded to endeavor to go around the head of the creek which was about half a mile, but on getting out of the hole I took hold of a limb of a tree which

gave way, and made a great noise, the sentinal on hearing it said "did you not hear a person on the cr," I waited some minutes and then went around the head of the creek and came down to the river on the other side of the house to see if I could not find a boat, to cross to Long Island. But on finding sentinals near by I returned back a short distance, and went up the river. I had not gone more than 30 rods, when I saw another sentinal posted on the bank of the river where I must pass or go round a half a mile and then come down to the river again. I stood some minutes thinking what course to pursue, but on looking at the man found he did not move and was leaning upon his gun. I advanced toward him and succeeding in passing by without waking him up. After this I found a Sentinal every 15 or 20 rods till I came within 2 miles of Hell Gate. Here I stayed till my feet began to freeze, and having nothing to eat, I went a mile farther up the river. It now being late I crept up into the bushes and lay down to think what to do next. I concluded as I could not get a boat to cross the river to Long Island to remain where I was during the night and early in the morning to go down to New York and endeavor to find some house to conceal myself in. In the morning as soon as the Revelry Beating commenced I went on my way to New York which was 8 miles from this place, after proceeding awhile I heard the morning guns fired at New York though 4 miles from it. I passed the sentinals unmolested, down the middle road, and arrived there before many were up. I met many of the British and Hessian Soldiers whom I knew very well, but they did not know me. I went to a house and found them friends of America, and was kindly received of them, and promised to keep me a few days. I had not been here, but $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour when I was obliged to call for a bed. After being in bed two or three hours, I was taken with a stoppage in my breast, and made my respiration difficult, and still being afraid to cough loud for fear of being heard. The good lady of the house gave me some medicine of my own prescribing, which soon gave me relief. Soon a rumor spread about town among the friends of America, of my confinement and expectation soon to be retaken, they took measures to have me conveyed to Long Island, which was accordingly done.

FEB. 18, 1778.—The same day I was landed I walked nine miles, and put up at a friends house during my walk I passed my

Grandfather's house, and dare not go in to see him for fear he would deliver me up to the British. The next morning I started on my journey again and reached the place I intended at 12 O'clock (noon) and put up with two friends. The next morning I and my companions (two of them) started from our friends with four days provisions and Shovels and axes to build us a hut in the woods. We each of us had a musket powder and balls. After going two miles in the woods, we dug away the snow and made us a fire. After warming ourselves we set to work to build us a hut and got one side of it done the first day, and the next day we finished it. It was tolerably comfortable, we kept large fires and cooked our meat on the coals. In eight or ten days we had some provisions brought us by our friends. At this time we heard that Capt Rodgers was cast away on Long Island, and concealed by some of his friends. We went to see him, and found him, we attempted to stay in the house in a back room. At about 10 O'clock A. M. there came in a tory, he knowing some of us seemed much troubled. We made him promise that he would not make known our escape. The next day my two comrades went back to their old quarters and Capt Rodgers and myself, and a friend went into the woods and built us a hut, about ten miles from my former companions, with whom we kept up a constant correspondence. Soon a man was brought to us by our friends whom we found to be John Rolston, a man that was confined with us in the Provost Jail. And was carried to the Hospital about 3 weeks after I was, and made his escape in the same way, and by friends was brought to Long Island.

MARCH 19th 1778.—About five O'clock a friend came to us and said we had an opportunity to go over to New England in a boat that had just landed, with 4 torys that had stolen the boat at Fairfield Connecticut. We immediately sent word to our two friends with whom I first helped to build a hut, that we could now go across the sound, but they could not be found. At sunset those that came over in the boat went off, and some of our friends guided us through the woods to the boat, taken two oars with us which we had made for fear we should not find any in the boat. On arriving at the place our kind friends helped us off. We rowed very fast till we were a great distance from land. The moon rose soon, and the wind being fair, we arrived, we knew not where, about

so he took the
serving me and
ver he was, and
ught I had none
id done his work
repeater of the
early—but, thank
blef.

ne few days ago
lars who contem-
her's house. But
I was not quite
t, and overcome
d to seek an
to her and warn him
of that inter-
he broke off
k in his voice.
post of our conver-
the plan which
man had formed
ours.

at the back of the
shut in on three
premises of the
window that
to be the more

ad-
th
of
an
the
ated
yers,
a tele-
The State
any language he chose to learn.

Worried to Death by Neighbors.

any language he chose to learn.

death.

I fully explained to the baronet the
scheme his son had formed for thwart-
ing the burglars—who, by the way were
captured some weeks after the at-
tempted burglary—and Sir Mortimer's
feelings of remorse and sorrow at the
way in which he had wronged Mr. Geof-
frey were terribly poignant.

As for Miss Linda, her story can be
briefly summed up by the following:
Years ago she had apparently had a
worthless lover, with whom she was ut-
terly infatuated. Gambling and other
forms of excess had left him in low
water, and his sweetheart had forged
the check to give him the money he had
needed so sorely, laying the blame on
and weaving her subtle net of accusa-
tion round her innocent brother. What
ultimately became of her I never knew.

If I had only kept my presence of
mind and carried out my instructions,
the Baronet's hand might have been
stayed and Sir Geoffrey would not have
been shot. But then, perhaps, Miss
Linda would not have confessed and,
thank heaven, there are not many wo-

men like that in the world.

bull and other sorts—are valuable ani-
mals, not only for hunting rats, but as
house dogs to detect robbers they are
unequaled. They are a generally safe
and a gamy, amusing pet. Fox hounds
render an excellent service to poultry
raisers, but setters, pointers and such
pets of hunters cannot be trusted
around poultry. They are better kept
on the chain, being often snappy in dis-
position. Beware of Spitz dogs and
degenerate "Newfoundlands," as they
are prone to bite, and seem especially
liable to hydrophobia. A pure New-
foundland makes a noble protector, es-
pecially for children when near the
water. A thoroughbred St. Bernard
is the noblest and safest of canine
companions, but they are too high-
priced for the average farmer.

Feeding Wheat to Hogs.

No animal does well when fed on
whole grain in quantities large enough
for it to eat a full mouthful at once.
When corn is fed on the ear the diffi-
culty in shelling it from the cob causes
it to be chewed pretty thoroughly. If
other grain is fed it is certain to be
in bulk, and is very often ground and

above six millions—a not remarkable
average and one that will give but
small surplus for exportation over
home consumption if such consum-
tion assumes the proportion it do
here.
The farmer would not care to patro-
nize a merchant whose goods were of
the best quality, and he would see
the one whose goods were known
be fully up to requirements. They
should prompt the farmer to have a
standard for his own articles to
cure better prices and greater in-
crease by using improved stock and
the best variety of plants.
Cheap animal foods are the best sul-
stances for inducing the hens to lay.
Beef, hog or sheep liver will pay well
for the purpose. Hens require food
rich in albumen when they are laying
and if fed exclusively on grain they
fail to produce sufficient eggs to pay so
the owner a profit. Clover hay, cl-
ped fine and scalded, is also an ex-
cellent food, and assists in providing
variety.
Socrates was the Bearded Master,
cause of his long, ragged beard.

from the je-
then transferred to
the prison where he was
Jan. 9, 1878. About this time Mr. Cor-
nelius received a visit from his father,
who as we have stated, was a
and a most faithful adherent
George. In the
a tele-
The State
any language he chose to learn.

grain, such as wheat, is essential to the health of the human system. It is the basis of all food, and without it the human system would be unable to sustain itself. It is the most important of all foodstuffs, and the one that is most easily assimilated by the human system. It is the most valuable of all foodstuffs, and the one that is most easily assimilated by the human system. It is the most valuable of all foodstuffs, and the one that is most easily assimilated by the human system.

H-O

Horby's Oatmeal

gives 5 times
as much to
the pound.



H=O { Horby's } Company, N. Y.
{ Oatmeal }

The bicycle is chasing the horse out of sight.

THE TRIBUNE, New York

A few premiums are offered to readers and club agents. Any friend of The Tribune is cordially invited to send for sample copies, and to receive and make up a club of subscribers. We would be especially pleased to see a large circle of readers in the New York workshop. The WEEKLY, \$1. THE SEVEN-WEEKLY, \$2. THE DAILY TRIBUNE, \$10 a year. THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC for 1888, ready in January, 25 cents a copy.

Hands, Chaffains and Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY J. N. WALKER.

A CHANGE TO MAKE MONEY!

The times are hard, but here is a good show. In the month of January I have made \$175 selling China in the West. I never saw anything like this before. When any woman sees me with the dinner dishes, clean and dry them in one minute. They buy one right away. And one can be sold in ten minutes. I have not been successful in this line for some time. Write to the publisher, Mr. J. N. Walker, 100 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo., and he will send you a copy of this year's book.

Putnam Valley Town Committee.

(George W. Sherwood (Chairman); Nathaniel Baxter, Oscar C. Barger, Jarvis W. Baxter, Marcus M. Barrett.

We import direct from the manufacturer. We manufacture in a work erected in a Correspondence sold

CRESCENT
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The new style obtained at the

Bundles of old at the Repertoire.

WANTED.——B women, each with child, situations work in the court Those wishing to apply to Agent, St. association, Room Building, New Y

at only a rather literary man who fondness for books was not a hindrance, nearly all of the best in cheap, suitable books of the world are number.

Southampton, N. Y., each year over 100,000

ns swept Rhode Island held on Wednesday over 10,000.

Highland Falls want ty Company, to run to Cranston's.

ence commenced its ion at Kingston on

then transferred to the prison where he was, Jan. 9, 1778. About this time Dr. Cornelius received a visit from his father, and a most faithful adherent of King George. In the journal which he kept during his imprisonment (which we shall publish later) he makes mention of this visit and records the views which his father then expressed of his conduct. He writes that he reproached him for his unreasonable action and wept over the trouble it had brought him into, ascribing the whole as a result of the influence which Dr. Latimer, whom he styled "a bad man," had exerted over his son.

He then urged Elias to avail himself of a free pardon which had been offered in a proclamation by the Governor, Sir William Howe, to all who would

the cause of Christ, for in 1790, he in conjunction with a few other faithful ones effected its organization, and to the day of his death his contributions to its support were most liberal and his interest in its welfare unabated. He was a prime mover, too, in securing for the society its first house of worship, taking a very active part, in raising funds for the erection of a suitable edifice, and its completion was to him a source of pride and satisfaction. When the church was incorporated, April 7, 1803, he was chosen one of the Trustees.

In his Will he bequeathed legacies to the following religious and charitable societies: The American Bible Society; The United Foreign Mission Society; The American Education Society; and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

His creed was loyalty to his country and to his God, and all through his eventful and useful life his works and deeds alike attested his sincerity. His view of life, was evidently embodied in the following lines of verse which were

the, y needing only a dictionary and a grammar to master any language he chose to learn.

Worried to Death by Neighbors.

Albany, March 25th.—The State Board of Health to-day received a telegram from a Rochester firm of lawyers, asking for the cause of death, as stated in the death certificate filed with the board, of an aged Rochester woman who died last year. An inspection of the certificate shows the cause of death given to be "worried to death by meddling neighbors."

The New School Law.

One result of the compulsory education law is said to be the bringing into the public schools of disorderly and inherently vicious children, who threaten discipline and corrupt the good manners of their associates.—Ex.

West Point has a new band-master appointed in the person of G. E. Contorno, son of the famous Brooklyn band-master, and Lucian Contorno.

ange Judd Farnie.

She Objected to Footlights.

A roar of applause greeted Susan B. Anthony as she advanced from the wings to the front of the stage, where the footlights suddenly blazed out with all their force, lighting up to advantage her silver hair, striking face, and well-formed figure. She seemed as she stood there, before the audience, gay and in hand, a fitting leader of American women. Her bearing was dignified, graceful, and unconscious, as calm and commanding as a Greek goddess, with nothing of the masculinity and aggressiveness generally supposed to be the qualities of the leaders and advocates of equal suffrage. Those who had never before seen her were impressed and fascinated, and those to whom she was familiar were delighted and charmed.

"My, my," she exclaimed, good-humoredly, as the gas flared up again, "I can't stand this. Let the lights be turned off. Anything but the footlights."—Washington Post.

Pietro Aredino was the Voltaire of his century, because of his satirical abilities.

Handel was called the Saxon Giant, from his rationality and size.

"No lightnings of the sky may be shed into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness—but once in the ark all is well. "God shut him in." There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He had thousands to lend. Now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans. He owned four horses and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage and currie; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore and aft and across the hurricane deck the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in!" A flood of domestic troubles fell on him. "Stinkiness and bereavement came. The rain pelted; the winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fifteen cubits deep. But, standing by the empty crib and in the desolated nursery and in the doleful hall, once a-ring with merry voices, now silent forever, he cried, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken, away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in."

All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sabbaths, the outrageous profanities, the misdeeds of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a storm, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sin sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only rushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in!"

The same door fastenings that kept Noah in keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly

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watched.
rise there will be a fluttering of wings over
your head, angel crying to angel, "Behold,
they pray!"

But this does not include all your family. Bring the children too. God bless the dear children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or flute ever have such music as there is in a child's "good night!" From our coarse, rough life the angels of God are often driven back. But who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around. They who die in infancy go straight into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh," you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well, "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby."

Very good. "I shall give them an education; I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety, no pardon, no hope, no heaven?

How to get them in? Go in yourself! If Noah had stood out do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham and Japheth—would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject Him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of pious parents two-thirds of

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half an hour before day. We went on shore and soon found it was Norwalk Ct. We had bade farewell to Long Island for the present upon which I composed the following lines.

O fair you well once happy land,
 Where peace and plenty dwelt
 But now op'pressed by tyrants hands,
 Where naught but fury's felt.
 Behold I leave you for awhile
 To mourn for all your Sons ;
 Who daily bleed that you may smile,
 When we've your freedom won.

After being rested just as the day began to dawn we walked a short distance to a place called the "Old Mill" where we found a guard who hailed us at a distance, and on coming up to him kindly received us, and invited us to his house to warm us, this being done we went home with Capt Rodgers (for he lived in Norwalk) here we went to bed at sunrise and stayed till 10 O'clock. After dinner we took our leave of Capt Rodgers, and started for head quarters in Pennsylvania, where the grand Army was at that time. In seven days we arrived at Valley Forge.

NOTE.—The above narrative is a true copy of the "Journal" written by my grandfather (Dr. Elias Cornelius), giving an account of his sufferings and treatment while in the hands of the British in New York, in 1777 and 1778.

CHARLES M. TOMPKINS.

June 4th, 1894.

Fr

"Heitman's Historical Register,"

Revolutionary Officers.

"Cornelius Fliers (F.I.) Surgeon's

Note, - 2d Rhode Island, 1st January,

1777: taken prisoner at Staten Island.

22d August, 1777: escaped from prison

ship in March 1778: rejoined his regi-

ment and served to 1st January, 1781.

(Died 13th June, 1813.)

Class _____
Book _____



1777 AND 1778.

DR. ELIAS CORNELIUS

OF

JOURNAL

This Journal is a record of the
 observations made by the "Albatross"
 the meteorologist, at Quantico
 the station.
 July 11, 1881.